

## **Vulnerable** by phantasmic-reylo

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Hurt-Comfort, Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Mike W., Will B.

**Pairings:** Mike W./Will B.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-10-10 22:36:53

**Updated:** 2019-10-10 22:36:53

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 14:21:38

**Rating:** K

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,260

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Soft fluffy fluff for BYLER (Will Byers x Mike Wheeler), M/M, boys in love, romance, soft, fluff, love, etc etc.

## Vulnerable

This may be the fluffiest thing I've ever written and probably my only work that is not rated 'Explicit' as I am usually a smut writer, however, I've been longing to write this pairing for some time, and although I ship it hard, I don't feel the need to write anything sexual about them (not yet, maybe in the future it'll change \*shrugs\*), they're just a beautiful, soft, sappy couple who needed some tooth-rotting fluff written for them.

ENJOY!

---

### Vulnerable

Will's back is in agony again, a pain which disturbs his slumber. The ache is dull but oh-so-prominent.

*How long is this going to go on for? Will ponders, I'm too young for this. Is this what being an adult is? Ongoing fatigue and body pains?*

It's fairly light out, but the morning still has that dull glow, which Will has seen enough times to know that it must be around 6 or 6:30am. He fumbles beneath his pillow for his phone. 6:37am.

"Ugh" he groans, sliding his phone back under the pillow, while simultaneously reaching his other hand back to knead at the site of pain. His eyes close again, in the vain hope he can ease his pain and grab a little more shut-eye.

"I've told you to go to the doctor's about that" an equally weary, mumbling voice pipes up from beneath a stack of unruly, unkempt curls, which appear to occupy the majority of the pillows. He knows. The owner of the chaotic, rebellious hair just **knows**. Without opening his eyes, Will responds to his partner, Mike, "Hmm, I'll do it tomorrow" he continues to massage into the pain, bringing absolutely no relief whatsoever, much to his disappointment.

Mike still has his back to Will, but promptly turns over to face him. "You always say that" Mike scolds with a frown. Mike looks down at

his love, admiring his beauty, his lashes, his... everything. He glides his fingers through Will's hair, stroking the side of his face in one swift movement.

"I always mean it," Will responds.

Mike stares at his boyfriend, wanting to scream in frustration. Will is as stubborn as they come and both of them know that Will has no intention of getting himself seen by any type of medical professional. *A solution could be so simple, so why suffer when you don't have to?* Mike ponders.

"No, you don't." Mike replies, still caressing Will's face.

Finally, Will opens his eyes. "I don't like doctor's offices, okay? Or hospitals. You know that."

There's a feeling of melancholy among them as they both recall the events from the past. It's been many years since the incident of the Upside Down, the after-effects it all brought, the hospital visits, the post-trauma. But Will still hates hospitals with a passion, every time one is mentioned or he passes one by, even if he sees one on the television, the flashbacks come thick and fast and more often than not, he's reduced to a quivering mess on the floor. Well, that's how it used to be, at least. The anxiety attacks are less frequent now and he copes considerably better with Mike firmly by his side, but he still struggles to deal with the surrounding feelings.

"I know." Mike understands, he really does. He's been there through all of it, having witnessed first-hand what the PTSD has done to Will. His beautiful, sweet, innocent Will.

Mike stares at his love, Will's seemingly-small body huddled into the bed, all swaddled up within the duvet, looking slight and almost weak. Mike would never want to say that about Will, certainly never to his face. Weak isn't the right word. *Vulnerable*, Mike thinks.

In Mike's eyes, a little weakness is okay, though. No-one is perfect and he sees nothing wrong with being a little damaged and needing to be taken care of. That was how he initially knew he and Will were meant to be. Will has always been a little more vulnerable, a little

more shy, more sensitive. He's delicate and Mike is fiercely over-protective. He always has been, ever since they were children, when Will would get bullied for how he looked, how he walked and talked, for his skinny frame, his haircut, his persona, when the other kids would call him a 'queer' or a 'fairy' and make his life hell. It was all the things Mike loved about Will, and yet, everything that made him an easy target for the bullies.

It made Mike feel a great sadness for his friend and also for the fact that people could taunt and ridicule a person for those very qualities that made them so uniquely special. Mike would never want Will to change in a million years. He's so completely addicted to everything about Will and the only thing he has ever felt is that he wants more and more of him and wishes the world was full of more people like him. But in a way he's happy it isn't because that's what makes his Will unique.

The way Mike feels for Will is intrinsic, so deeply embedded in his soul, he's certain he was born for this boy, born to meet him, to fall for him, care for and look after him and one day, perhaps grow old with him. Not that Mike is keen to reveal that last part to Will any time soon.

None of it feels like a chore for Mike and that's the thing, the whole entire thing. To care for the man he loves has turned out to be life's greatest pleasure and he knows he'd never want to be anywhere else other than right there, holding Will close, breathing in the smell of him.

Mike moves a hand down from where it is, grazing the skin of his lover's arm, inducing a soft satisfied murmur from Will, until he arrives at the site of pain. Mike politely nudges Will's hand out of the way, shifting closer and nuzzling into his neck, kissing Will tenderly as his fingers get to work massaging deeply into the pain, willing and wishing it away, hoping to bring some kind of relief for him.

Will flinches, recoiling somewhat as his shoulders tense up.

"Does it hurt?" Mike asks as he eases up for a minute.

Will's breath falters, "Yeah... just a little, but... it's a good pain. It's

helping."

Mike holds Will, whose aches cause him to whimper into the crook of his boyfriend's neck. Mike presses his lips to Will's forehead, warmth spreading through his body, feeling honoured to hold and love and try to help heal the amazing man cocooned in his arms.

"Thank you." Will whispers.

"What for?" Mike asks, neither of them moving or breaking away.

"Everything."

Will gently moves Mike's hand away, indicating the pain has subsided a little and guides Mike to wrap his entire self around him, pulling him even closer, Mike automatically enveloping all of Will and cradling him to his chest, a hand ascending to his head, fingers stroking Will's temples as he breathes in the scent from his hair once more, before both men's bodies begin to relax and drift back into slumber.

"I love you." Mike declares.

"Ditto."